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Poetry.

Selected Tale.

For the Mercury.
MARION.
BY MRS. R. E. REED.
Marion sat by the fireside,
Marion of the moon,
The winter night was chilly and cold,
And loud the winds did roar,
And darker grew that midnight hour,
And fiercer blew the blast,
While from the child dimmed sky,
The snow fell thick and fast.
Beside her lay the watch dog Tray,
No other friend was near,
For Edmonston was far away,
Edmonston so dear.
That morning he had rode to town,
Full twenty miles, they say,
And promised to return again,
But it was close at day.
The day had passed, he did not come,
And midnight's lonely hour,
O'er that dreary scene around,
The dark and dismal tower,
But hark! a distant sound is heard,
The watch dog's bark at the door,
And through a cloud of wind and snow,
He sees across the moor.
And soon the well-known voice is heard,
He's at her side on a mare,
O, happy Marion of the moon,
Thy sorrow all is o'er,
May all thy grief in after life,
As quickly pass away,
And all thy hopes of life be bright,
And never know decay.

SPRING.
Come, hither ye hither—our garden bowers
Are green with the promise of budding flowers
The crocus, and spring's first messenger,
The fairy snowdrop, are blooming here;
The tulip's bell is ringing up,
The hyacinth speaks of purple cup;
The jonquil boasts, "I have five weeks run,
My golden daisy I'll show the sun."
The gilly flower presses its stem on high,
And preps on heaven with his pinky eye;
Princes, an iris-brown multitude,
Woo the bland air, and in turn are wooed;
While the wall flower threatens with bursting
bud,
To darken its blossoms with winter blood.
Come hither, come hither, and mark how swell,
The fruit buds of the jargonelle;
On its yet bud leafy branches boughs
The spruce apple in its blossom throws;
The delicate peach-tree's branches run
O'er the warm wall, glad to feel the sun;
And the cherry proclaims a cloudless weather,
When its fruit and the blackbirds will toy to-
gether;
See the gooseberry bushes their riches show;
And the currant-bush hangs its leaves below;
And the damp-loving rasp waits, "I'll win your
prize."
With my grateful coolness on harvest days,
Come along, come along, and gaze with me
How fair and fruitful the year shall be!

Useful Hints.

A coat of a composition, consisting of common
lime mortar, mixed with hair and soapstone dust,
is excellent as a non-conducting covering for
steam boilers. It requires to be covered with
boards on the outside, in the usual manner of
jacketing cylinders.
It is tempering for what is called a "straw
color," raise it to a red heat, then plunge it into
oil having a temperature of 175° for a purple
color, plunge it into oil heated to 200°; and for
a blue shade, the oil should be 212° Fahr. This
method of tempering with warm oil answers well
for steel wire in coil, costly tape and dies, and
cutters for gear engines.
An amalgam of chemically pure copper with
mercury possesses the property of serving as a
solder for metals, and as a cement for glass and
porcelain, to which it adheres strongly. At the
expiration of ten or twelve hours it becomes suf-
ficiently hard to take a polish, like brass or silver.
HINTS ABOUT RATS.—A correspondent of the
Gardener's Monthly says:—I tried the effect of
introducing into the entrance of their holes, runs
or hiding places small portions of chloride of lime
or bleaching powder, wrapped in calico, and
stuffed into the entrance holes, and thrown loose
by spoonful into the drain from the house. This
drove the rats away for a twelvemonth; when
they returned to be they were treated in the same
manner, with like effect. The cure was most
complete. I presume it was the chlorine gas
which did not agree with their olfactory.
In making alloys of copper and zinc to form
brass, the metals require careful stirring in the
crucible. A rod of soapstone, about ten inches
in length, fitted into a piece of common gas pipe,
makes the best stirrer for this purpose which can
be used; the soapstone is fire-proof and will not
fuse.
Pneumonia in a state of minute division is now
much used in medicine as a powerful tonic. It
is produced by reducing the best qualities of iron
with hydrogen, whereby all the impurities are
expelled. The affinity of this iron for oxygen is
so great, that if a pinch of it be thrown into the
atmosphere, it will take fire. It is kept for use
in hermetically sealed glass phials.
NITRIC ACID, which is much used in galvanic
batteries, stains the skin of the hands a dirty yellow
color, which is very difficult to remove. M.
Swartz, in the *Repetoire de Chimie*, states that
such stains may be removed by the subsulphide of
ammonium and a little caustic potash. This re-
moves the epidermis which has been stained.
Two great bulk of the tin and copper ores of
the world are smelted or refined in England.—
This affords an immense trade to the shipping
and coal mining interests of that country.
FAMILY TOOL CARRIAGE.—Much inconvenience
and considerable expense might be saved, if it
was the general custom to keep in every house
certain tools for the purpose of performing at
home what are called small jobs, instead of being
always obliged to send for a mechanic, and pay
him for executing little things that, in most cases,
could be sufficiently well done by a man or boy
belonging to the family, provided that the proper
instruments were at hand.

THE LITTLE STONE COTTAGE.

A two hour's drive from the city of
Boston, through Roxbury and thence into the
westerly direction, will bring you, if
you have taken the right road, to a little
stone cottage at the foot of a rugged,
picturesque hill around the base of which
a stream of water lies like a silver girdle.
The cottage is very old—not less than
forty years. The material of which it is
built is rough hewn jutting; though you
would need to put your finger to the
vines and break some of the tendrils in
order to ascertain the fact: an entirely
the structure protected from criticism by
its trailing friends. A wall of well worn
boulders encloses a half acre or so of land
about the dwelling, a huge millstone rears
youth at the principal doorway, and the
wreck of a heavy old cart lies stranded
against one of the sides of the enclosure,
around which grasses and briars crowd and
climb, as though they would smother the
old thing in their wiry, reaching embrace.
The cottage was built by a young and
ingenious mechanic named Denton—Hugh
Denton. When it was quite finished, had
been pleasantly though frugally furnished,
and trimmed with cedar and myrtle by
Hugh's sisters, his bride was lifted from
her pillow to the mill tone at the doorway.
The first two years of their wedded life
were beautifully smooth and pleasant, full
of free side duties on the part of the young
wife, and of health giving labor on the part
of the young husband. Comforts and con-
veniences were gradually increased in true
New England fashion, intermixed with now
and then a luxury as means accumulated.
Hugh was very ingenious; using many
little machines in his shop which other
artisans were too negligent or dull to imi-
tate. At length the enthusiasm of inven-
tion led him to contrivances not closely
connected with his own employment; and
the notoriety obtained in his native town,
these specimens of his peculiar talent soon
widened, bringing him to the notice of men
of parts, and procuring warm expressions
of commendation. These he enjoyed with
his little wife at home, with that peculiar
relish, which attends an increase of self-re-
spect, and the modest consciousness of
being known beyond one's own hamlet.
Time sped cheerily, smoothly and well
Hugh was a good artificer; and his handi-
work was wanted; he was a rising man,
and might burst suddenly upon a fortune.
This last was thought and said many a
time between themselves; for Susy was
a true wife, ambitious for him, entering
with all the vivacity of love and pride into
the enthusiasm of her young and manly
husband. From this enthusiasm of inven-
tion came at last the fever of invention,
still, in his heart, Hugh conceived the
possibility of finding the secret of perpetua-
l motion. The thought seized and cherished,
it became stamped on his brain. He
revolved it through the night and became
abstracted at odd times; sometimes spilling
a piece of work and even forgetting to
do a promised job. Upon this, Susy, with
a woman's intuition, cautioned and remon-
strated very tenderly. But the effect was
little. Thereafter Hugh added moodiness and
irritability to these missteps; indeed, he
quite lost his old gaiety and openness, sitting
thoughtful and gloom the livelong evening,
telling nothing of his plans to Susy; only
breaking from his withdrawal now and then
by seeking a bit of paper and making
diagrams with nervous quickness. For the
time poor Susy's home bliss was quite de-
stroyed. The life of the fireside was gone.
When will he come out of his study, with
his machine complete? she would often ask
with the emphasis of weary waiting. "His
machine complete"—that was the form in
which her thoughts found expression; for
the fond and admiring wife never doubted
that sooner or later Hugh would triumph
over any and every difficulty. Had he not
made marvelous inventions, and was he not
getting to be almost a great man known
and noticed so far? In this way Susy
comforted herself in her loneliness; and
when Hugh was morose and fretful, would
be very quiet and gentle saying to herself,
"Dear Hugh! how hard he must be think-
ing, and how tiresome it must be! I ought
to be very patient, I am sure. I only a
simple little wife, nothing to think of but
the kitchen and garden and Hugh's clothes!
I ought to be proud of such a husband—
and I am!"
Then Susy would steal her arm around
his neck and kiss him; upon which Hugh
would seem to break from a dream and
ask:
"What do you want, Susy?"
"Nothing—I was only stealing a kiss,"
and Susy would return to her accustomed
seat almost as blushing as though these
were the days of her maiden life.
As months came and went, Susy felt
that the village people seemed to change
in their demeanor toward her. Sometimes
she caught them looking pityingly at her,
as though she were under sorrow in which
they sympathized. At first it surprised
her, but when she remembered that Hugh
had neglected his work very much of late,

she thought that this interest sprang from
a fear that they might "come to poverty,"
as the New England phrase hath it. Now
it was all clear. It was pleasant to be
cared for by one's neighbors; but then she
knew of several hundred dollars hidden in
a safe place by her own hands, with Hugh's
consent. Long before that was spent the
machine would be done, and perhaps piles
of money would come of it.
Hugh neglected his work entirely. And
now he would rise from bed at twelve
o'clock, and go out, returning just at dawn,
and saying never a word. Susy ventured
to ask where he went or what he went for,
but Hugh darted such a strange, wild
glance as quite frightened her. She
wouldn't trouble him any more with her
woman's curiosity. Poor Hugh! He
must be working very hard. How absent
minded he was! Why, he would almost
always hold the newspaper upside down,
reading or seeming to read, for hours; and
when she ventured to remonstrate, would
answer her, O, so sharply!
Sometimes he would go to the little
coffee mill, and turn the crank round and
round, hundreds of times, though the mill
was quite empty, gazing steadily at it all
the time. Once Susy got a handful of
coffee, freshly browned over the kitchen
fire, and looking languidly in his face,
dropped it in while he was turning. Hugh
smiled—the first time for many a week—
and then, motioning her mysteriously to sit
down, went softly to the pantry, took the
cream ever and sugar bowl, and coming
on tip-toe to the mill, gestured her to grind
while he poured cream and sugar alterna-
tely in with the coffee.
"How queer Hugh seems?" thought
Susy; "I hope he won't be so very long."
One piercing thought at this instant darted
across her mind; but it was driven back as
soon as formed; for was not Hugh in all
his affairs, excepting this one, even more
methodical than other men? And were
not all great men eccentric when under the
pressure of great plans?
His adventure of the coffee-mill quite
changed Hugh's bearing towards his wife.
He seemed disposed to take her into his
confidence. In the afternoon of that very
same day, he roused himself from his reverie,
and beckoning Susy to come to him, lifted
one finger solemnly and said in a
most impressive and mysterious manner:
"I've finished it. To-night."
Susy was on tip-toe of expectation; for
a whole year had gone since the beginning
of these nocturnal departures, and she
longed for the clearing of the mystery; and
as well as for the return of the home-life.
At length the hour of midnight came, and they
went out. A long walk brought to a cliff
of moderate height and ordinary appear-
ance, a crevice of which proved to be the
entrance to a cave. Entering this and
carefully closing the crevice behind them,
making total darkness. Hugh left the side
of his wife, and from a little distance, sol-
emnly pronounced: Behold—behold—be-
hold! removed the side of a large wooden
box from which the light of six wax can-
dles stream'd full upon a beautiful com-
bination of wheels in regular and graceful
motion.
The wife clapped her hands for joy.—
But Susy was not exuberant long, for gaz-
ing on the mysterious structure before
so finished in workmanship and harmonious
in action, recalling the weary months of
which this thing of motion was the child,
and then looking forward to the future,
wondering what new epoch would be open-
ed to her noble husband through this mas-
ter piece of his genius, she could only be
calmly happy, deep-thoughted, and grave.
When Hugh came near her and rested his
hand on her head, as he had done when his
old self, she threw her arms around his
neck and burst into tears.
"O, we shall be so happy now, Hugh—
so happy after this long, long time! I am
proud of you my husband—prouder than
ever." Another group of tears.
The time till morning was spent in ex-
plaining the curious workmanship, Hugh
explaining minutely many of its parts,
though exhibiting uneasiness and reserve
concerning the motive power. Susy pos-
sessed the enthusiasm of an inventor's wife
and the intuition of woman. Pursuing her
delighted examinations into its cunning
workmanship she came suddenly upon a
hidden spring most ingeniously disguised,
but evidently the motive power of the ma-
chine.
"Why, Hugh! this isn't perpetual mo-
tion. This spring in the little box makes
it go." And the wife looked up in utter
surprise.
The monomaniac glared back with an
expression in which wild rage, shame and
scorn, struggled and writhed for control of
his features. Lifting his hand with a
tragic air, he brought his finger to a point
at the frightened and cowering woman,
and said in a slow, unearthly tone:
"It's a lie."
Then a bright dagger gleamed in the wax
light, and with the lightning quickness of
insanity was plunged into the bosom of his
wife.
He carried her home in his arms, laid
her upon her own bed, and invited the
neighbors with a bland smile to come in

and prepare her for burial. He was mis-
taken. She was not dead, for the aim had
been untrue.
If you had called at the cottage thirty
years after, you would have met an old
man with much dignity of bearing, and a
woman somewhat beyond the prime of life,
living quietly there, and seeming to find
life pleasant and useful. Talking with the
old man, you would have been struck with
the sense and beauty of his thoughts and
the ease of his expression. If the conver-
sation had leaned in the least degree to any
topic suggestive of mechanism, your host
would have said blandly:
"I discovered perpetual motion. Would
you like to see the machine, sir? and, ris-
ing, would have led the way to a small,
windowless room, and there, with the words:
"Behold—behold—behold" would have sud-
denly removed the side of a wooden box
and thrown the light of six wax candles up-
on a beautiful combination of wheels in regu-
lar and graceful motion.
Then the matron would have pointed
out its qualities, saying: "It has been run-
ning thirty years, sir, and must be perpe-
tual,"—looking into your face all the while
to see if you understood her. She would
say truly that it had been running thirty
years, for every Sabbath morning she had
stolen in and would the spring herself.
I ventured to ask her once, if she had
not been afraid to live with him after her
terrible danger.
"O, no," she said. "I understand him
perfectly now. I never cross him on that
point. I am proud of him now, sir."
Love and Marriage.—It is unwise to
hope for too much happiness in the posses-
sion of a single favorable trait of character;
it is better to look for a combination, and
they are to be most congratulated who
can discern, and woo and win the possessor
of the large number of good points. First
of all, the man whom you adore, should
possess a high sense of right and wrong;
next, bodily health; and thirdly, moral
bravery, a courage to be industrious,
economical, and self denying. With these
three traits—principle, health, and a soul
that can do and dare all that one ought to,
domestic felicity will abide. None ought
to marry who cannot command the means
of enabling them to live in comfort accord-
ing to their station in life, without grinding
economies.
It is useless to talk about love in a cot-
tage. The little rascal always runs away
when there is no bread and butter on the
table. There is more love in a full barrel
of flour than in all the roses and posies and
woodlilies that ever grew.
No mechanic should marry until he is
master of his trade; nor a professional man
until his income is adequate to the style of
life which he determines upon; nor the
merchant, until his clear annual gains are
equal to his domestic expenditures, unex-
pected, there are, in either case, indepen-
dent and unconditional sources of income.
The Cat that won't Scratch It.—We
had a little cousin visit us once, a three-
year-old boy, who had always pretty de-
termined by his own way. We found
him one day with the old gray cat, which
he had fastened into a barrel, and which
was looking rather savagely anxious to get
out.
"How dare you play with that cross old
cat, Charlie?" said we, "ain't you afraid
she will scratch you?"
"Oh," answered the little fellow in his
piping treble, "she'll scratch everybody
but I, and she won't scratch I!"
Not long afterward we met poor Charlie
crying bitterly, with several deep wounds
on his face and hands, from that naughty
cat.
We laughed at Charlie's answer at the
time, but we have often thought seriously
of it since.
We never saw a young man who thinks
he can drink moderately and never go to
excess, but that we think of "the cat that
will scratch everybody but I!"
We never see a man running into doubt-
ful speculations in hopes of great gain, but
we think of the cat that won't scratch I.
We never see any one recklessly ex-
pose himself to physical or moral danger,
but we think of "the cat that will scratch
everybody but I!"
Very few there are but what some time
get a scratch from this dangerous cat,
whose wounds are slow to heal, and whose
venom rankles long.
Whoever trifles with the truth, selfishly
wrong another, or carelessly wrongs him-
self, is playing a dangerous game, and will
in the end find himself deeply wounded by
the cat he fondly fancies "will scratch ev-
erybody but I!"
Human Philosophy.—Philosophy, says
Cecile, is a proud, sullen detector of the
poverty and misery of man. It may turn
him from the world with a proud, sturdy
contempt; but it cannot come forward, and
say: "Here are rest, grace, peace, strength,
consolation."
Why is a beautiful lady's foot like a
romantic tale? Because it is most truly an
interesting leg and.
In wearing out this body in well doing
we are earning a better one.

WANTED—A MINISTER.

We have been without a pastor
Some eighteen months or more,
And though candidates are plenty—
We've had at least a score—
All of them "tip-top" preachers,
For so their letters ran,
We're just as far as ever
From settling on the man.
The first who came among us,
By no means was the worst;
But then we didn't think of him,
Because he was the first!
It being quite the custom
To sacrifice a fee,
Before the church in earnest
Determined what to do.
There was a smart young fellow
With serious earnest way,
Who, but for one great blunder,
Had surely won the day.
Who left no good impression,
On Monday one or two
Went on among the people
To see if he would do.
The pious, godly portion,
Had not a fault to find;
His clear and searching preaching
They thought the very kind;
And all went smooth and pleasant,
Until they heard the views
Of some influential sinners
Who rent the highest pews.
On these his pungent dealing
Made but a sorry hit;
The cost of gospel teaching
Was quite too tight a fit.
Of course his fate was settled—
Attend, ye parsons all!
And preach to please the sinners
If you would get a call.
Next came a spruce young dandy,
He wore his coat too long;
Another's coat was shabby,
And his voice not over strong;
And one New Haven student
Was more than all of those—
We couldn't heed his sermon
For thinking of his nose!
Then wearying of candidates,
We looked the country through,
Mid doctors and professors,
To find one that would do;
And after much discussion
On who should bear the ark,
With tolerable agreement
We fixed on Dr. Park.
Here, then, we thought it settled,
But were amazed to find
Our flattering invitations
Respectfully declined.
We turned to Dr. Hawkins
To help us in the lurch,
Who strangely thought that college
Had claims above our church.
Next we dispatched committee
By sea and land, to urge
The labors for a Sabbath
Of the Rev. Shallow Spurge,
He came—a marked sensation,
A wonderful style,
Falsely the credence of his boots
As he passed up the aisle.
His tones are so affecting,
His gestures so divine,
A lady fainted in the hymn
Before the second line;
And on that day he gave us,
In accents clear and loud,
The greatest prayer that ever breathed
To an enlightened crowd.
He preached a double sermon
And gave us a get's food,
On such a lovely topic—
"The joys of solitude!"
All full of sweet descriptions
Of flowers and peaty streams,
Of waving birch and mossy groves,
And golden sunset beams.
Of faith and true repentance,
He never had to say;
He rounded all the corners,
And smoothed the rugged way;
Managed with great adroitness
To entertain and please,
And leave the sinners' conscience
Completely at his ease.
Six hundred 'twas the salary
We gave him for the year;
We thought it very liberal,
And found it hard to raise;
But when we took the paper,
We had no need to grieve,
To see a cool two thousand
For the Rev. Shallow Spurge.
In vain were all the efforts—
We had no chance at all—
We found ten city churches
Had given him a call;
And he, in prayerful waiting,
Was keeping all in tow;
But where they paid the highest
It was whispered he would go.
And now, good Christian brothers,
We have your earnest aid—
That God would send a shepherd,
To guide our church affairs,
With his clear understanding—
A man, to meet our views,
Must preach to please the sinners,
And fill the vacant pews.

amount, collections have been made for the
American Bible Society, mostly out of the
State, and at the expense of that institution,
amounting to \$587.34. The total amount col-
lected for both societies, from the sale of bibles
and donations, is \$2,633.80.
The course pursued by your agent in visit-
ing towns to supply the needy with bibles has been
to call at every house, and usually on each fam-
ily in the house, unless informed that the family
was Irish Catholic, briefly state my object, and
inquire if bibles of any description were needed.
When a desire was expressed to purchase, the
price for which the book is sold at the Bible
House in N. York was invariably specified.—
If the family had not an entire copy of the bi-
ble, and was unable or unwilling to purchase, a
bible was offered without money on condition
that it should be preserved in the family and
frequently used.
It should also be stated that where the bibles
have been bought, in nearly every instance, it
was evident that the book was really needed,
and not purchased because it was beautiful or
cheap. When I have been told that the family
was supplied with such bibles and testaments
as were needed, no further effort was made to
effect sales.
I have passed the Irish families when I have
been informed of their locality, as they not only
refuse to accept our bible, but will not, gener-
ally, tell me whether they have one. Their reply
is usually, "We have all the books we want."
The feeling exists in the minds of some, per-
haps in consequence of not having bestowed
much thought upon the subject, prompting the
inquiry, "Is it expedient to incur the expense
of visiting so many to supply the few that are
destitute?" We answer by asking how other
wise can these be discovered?
In the prosecution of this exploration, the
agent calls at the door of a house, where from
external appearance he does not anticipate des-
titution within. A mother with an infant in
her arms, opens the door and invites the stran-
ger in. His mission is soon revealed; when she
replies that she would be very glad to pos-
sess a bible, but her child having been sick for
several weeks, and she herself sick a part
of the time, their scanty means had been entirely
exhausted.
When told that under such circumstances
she can have a bible without money she is
much surprised and accepts it with tears of
gratitude and the assurance that it will be often
read. At another house, a French woman,
who is a widow with children, could read only
French; so part of the bible, and had never
read the New Testament. She was evidently
poor, but had been in better circumstances.—
She gratefully accepted a copy of the Testa-
ment in French and English, as the English
would be better for her children.
A young intelligent German woman, without
a bible in her family, said that in crossing the
ocean a few months since she was shipwrecked
and her books and apparel were lost. She
accepted a German bible, expressing many
thanks and promised to read it faithfully. She
also said that at a future time she would gladly
pay for it. These instances will suffice to indi-
cate the different circumstances of families found
without a copy of the scriptures. In placing a
new bible in such families, we have regard par-
ticularly to the children to be influenced there-
by. In the 319 families, where no bibles were,
that have been supplied the past year, it is to
be presumed that there are not less 930 chil-
dren.
It is not too much to expect that some of
these will be eternally benefited by being thus
brought under the influence of the inspired
volume.
Besides, in doing this work, we are only
heying the last command of our Lord and Sa-
vior, "Go preach the gospel to every creature."
Many of our citizens evidently appreciate this
effort, and several merchants in the city of
Providence have increased the amount of their
donations the last year in reference to this sup-
ply. One gentleman said every family that is
destitute should be supplied if it costs five dol-
lars each.
There appears to be an increasing desire
among the Canadian French, who are able to
read, to become acquainted with the Holy or-
acles of God. In one village in the north part
of the State, I was permitted to supply more
than twenty French families with a French bi-
ble or a testament in French and English, par-
allel columns. These families, I think, had no
portion of the bible. Much earnestness was
manifested to secure a copy of this precious
book—fathers, mothers and children leaving
their houses and pressing around my carriage
eager to grasp the desired boon. It was neces-
sary to prohibit them from taking more than
one copy to a family, that each household might
possess the desired treasure. We may expect
happy results from this distribution of the word
among those who now read or hear it read for
the first time.
We still meet with persons of intelligence
who are not aware that hundreds of families are
to be found in our State without the bible.—
Only a few days since a lady said to me that
she did not know that a family was to be found
about here destitute of bibles. She should not
know where to look for one. Not five minutes
had elapsed after this remark was made before
I was with such a family only two doors dis-
tant.
The recent address of one of the secretaries
of the American Bible Society, delivered to a
large audience in the Beneficent Congregation-
al Church, Providence, appeared to awaken
new interest in many minds, opening a wide
field for benevolent efforts that had scarcely
been known to exist by many of the audience.
The Rev. Mr. Slinger, agent of the American
Bible Society, recently stated facts in St. John's
Church and Grace Church Providence, that will,
it is believed, make a permanent and salutary
impression. Similar efforts should be often re-
peated in every town and city, until the world
now open before us, shall be illumined by this
lamp from heaven.
Most respectfully yours,
WILLIAM GUILD, Agent R. I. Bible Society.
W. S. Greene, Esq., Sec'y R. I. Bible Society.
Providence, Jan. 1, 1861.

Memoir of Rhode-Island.

1777.
various arts and misrepresentations, to
alienate the confidence and affection of his
Majesty's subjects; to defeat every plan
of reconciliation; and to prolong the un-
natural war between Great Britain and her
colonies; NOW, in order to the more ef-
fectual accomplishment of his Majesty's
most gracious intentions, and the speedy
restoration of the public tranquility; And
duly considering the expediency of limit-
ing the time within which such pardon as
aforesaid shall be granted, and of specify-
ing the terms upon which only the same
shall and may be obtained. We do in his
Majesty's Name, and by virtue of the pow-
er committed to Us, hereby charge and
command all persons whatsoever, who are
assembled together in arms against his
Majesty's government, to disband them-
selves and return to their dwellings, there
to remain in a peaceable and quiet manner;
And we also charge and command all
such other persons as are assembled to-
gether under the name of general, or pro-
vincial congresses, committees, conven-
tions, or other associations, by whatever
name or names known or distinguished, or
who under the color of any authority from
any such congress, committee, convention,
and other association, take upon them to
issue or execute any orders for levying
money, raising troops, fitting out armed
ships and vessels, imprisoning, or other-
wise molesting his Majesty's subjects, to
desist and cease from all such treasonable
actings, and doings, and to relinquish all
usurped power and authority, so that peace
may be restored, a speedy renunciation of
past offences quiet the apprehensions of the
gentry, and all the inhabitants of the said
colonies be enabled to reap the benefit of
his Majesty's paternal goodness in the pre-
servation of their property, the restoration
of their commerce, and the security of their
most valuable rights, under the just and
moderate authority of the crown and par-
liament of Great Britain: And we do here-
by declare, and make known to all men,
that every person who within SIXTY
DAYS from the day of the date hereof
shall appear before the Governor, or Lieu-
tenant governor, or commander-in-chief in
any of his Majesty's colonies, or provinces
aforesaid, or before the General or com-
manding officer of his Majesty's forces in
America, or any other officer in his Majes-
ty's service having the command of any
detachment or parties of his Majesty's
forces there, or before the Admiral or com-
mander-in-chief of his Majesty's fleets, or
any other officer commanding any of his
Majesty's ships of war, or any armed ves-
sel in his Majesty's service, within any of
the ports, havens, creeks, or upon the
coasts of America, and shall claim the
benefit of this proclamation, and at the
same time testify his obedience to the laws,
by subscribing a declaration in the words
following: "I, A. B. do promise and de-
clare, that I will remain in a peaceable
obedience to his Majesty, and will not take
up arms, nor encourage others to take up
arms, in opposition to his authority;" shall
and may obtain a full and free pardon of
all treasons and misprisons of treasons, by
him heretofore committed or done, and of
all forfeitures, attainders, and penalties for
the same; and upon producing to Us, or to
either of Us, a certificate of such his ap-
pearance and declaration, shall and may
have and receive such pardon made and
passed to him in due form.
GIVEN AT NEW YORK, this Thirtieth Day
of NOVEMBER, 1776.
By Command of their Excellencies
HOWE.
W. HOWE.
HEN. STRACHT.
Many of the inhabitants of R. Island
availed themselves of the benefits of this
Proclamation, and received certificates, one
of which has come into our possession, and
is as follows:
RHODE ISLAND, 29th of Jan. 1777.
THIS is to certify, that the Bearer—
has, in my Presence, subscribed to the
Declaration, agreeable to the Terms of
their Excellencies the Commissioners Pro-
clamation, dated at New York, 30th No-
vember, 1776.
F. SMITH.
B. General.
On the 2d of August the British Man-
of War *Renown*, of 50 guns, which was
stationed in the West passage, off Dutch
Island, was driven from her station by a
party of Col. Elliott's Regiment, who open-
ed a fire upon her from two 18 pounders.
She took a new station further up the river.
On the 5th of August a party of about
200, principally refugees, landed on Narragansett,
near the South and North ferries,
but being opposed by one company of State
Artillery and the neighboring Militia, they
reembarked, taking with them some small
plunder, and two or three of the inhabi-
tants, prisoners.
August 27th a new Privateer Ship, the
Oliver Cromwell, Captain Chase, in at-
tempting to escape from Providence, by
the East passage, being bound for an East-
ern port, with only 23 men on board—was
intercepted by the King Fisher, which

